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Child Life in Syria.

(By Mrs. James S. Dennis, in 'Sunday-School Times.')

The usual way of carrying children is astride the shoulder, the little one, holding on to the mother's head. Sometimes they are slung across the back. Mother-love is strong in the heart of the Syrian and Arab woman, though often passionately and ignorantly expressed. Noisy threatenings, and even beatings, will be followed by extreme and unwise indulgence. One of the things which most impressed me in my early life in Syria, was the loud and perfectly unrestrained crying of the children. A mother does

not hesitate to deceive her child, if she can purchase by this some temporary relief. Disregard for truth is deeply ingrained in the Eastern nature. In nothing is renovation more needful, since the disastrous and pitiful results of such an atmosphere of untruthfulness breathed by a child from his earliest years can hardly be exaggerated.

With all this practical and ignorant injury to their little ones, parental affection is often tenderly expressed. Children are spoken of as the ones 'preserved of God.' 'Kaif hal il-mahroos?' ('How is the preserved one?') is a common way of inquiring concerning a child. They are often addressed as 'Ya ainee' ('Oh, my eye!'), 'Ya kalbee' ('Oh, my heart!') 'Ya, habeebee,' ('Oh, my beloved!'), and 'Takburnee' ('May you live to bury me!'). Along with untruthfulness, a child learns from its cradle a very irreverent use of the name of God.

The play period of a child's life in the East is very brief, for the burdens of existence come early. Almost as soon as a little girl can toddle, she carries a tiny jar on her shoulder to bring water from the fountain; and before her strength is equal to the task, she lugs around on her back a younger brother or sister, and brings thorns or sticks to keep the pot with the family dinner boiling. She pats out the bread for the oven, and is, in short, even in her pastimes, a little woman almost as soon as she emerges from babyhood. One delight she has, and that is to play aroos, or bride. The whole performance of the wedding is enacted by her and her companions with great delight. Dolls are a western importation, and yet I have been informed by an elderly native woman that she has always seen the home-made rag-baby, which also is used in impersonating the imaginary aroos.

Both girls and boys, however, have some games. Their playthings or implements are very simple. They are ingenious in turning stones, reeds, bones, acorns, etc., to good account. There are many more games played by the boys than the girls, and these, as a rule, are less active than those common in our own clime. Something similar to marbles, is played with small stones. Another of their games is called ka'b ('ankle joint'), and in it the ankle-bones of sheep are used. One is laid down, and each player in turn tosses up one. If, when it falls to the ground, the upper side corresponds to that of the one first placed, the player gains it, and another is put down in its stead, and so on. The one gaining the greatest number of joints wins the game. The word 'ka'b' in its plural form is the name for dice, and gambling with dice is common. There are some half-dozen ways of playing with these joints. There is a game played by rolling acorns down an inclined and smooth surface, with the endeavor to strike one previously placed. The successful player wins the acorns. Young men skirmish with lances on horseback, and the boys have various games involving the throwing of reeds in imitation of the throwing of the lance.

The food used by both old and young is largely bread and olives, or onions, though meat, rice, vegetables and wheat in various combinations, are also to be found. In the gathering of the olives many children are employed, and olive oil is much prized. The children of Syria, like those in other parts

BED'WEEN WOMEN AND CHILDREN, WITH CHILDREN GRINDING CORN.

of the world, love sweets, and there are some very nice ones. The most ordinary kind is what is called hummus, and is of the nature of roasted peas, covered with a thick coating of sugar candy. Dried and candied figs, apricots, and dates, are also common.

In reference to education, the primative Syrian girl, receives none except that given by life itself. Very rarely indeed was a girl taught to read. Her brother was sometimes sent to a school where he was instructed in reading and writing, and the simplest rudiments of arithmetic. If he was a Moslem, he learned also passages from the Koran. The wealthier and more aristocratic families sometimes gained higher educational advantages for their sons. The schools founded under the auspices of missions have stimulated an extensive native educational system, extending to many parts of Syria, so that even among the Moslems there are now a number of schools for girls.

The ordinary dress of the country children is of coarse cotton, dyed an indigo blue.

MOSLEM SCHOOL.

That of a little girl is a skirt and a simple waist, or short jacket. A boy's garb consists of full trousers, and a sort of loose wrapper called a gumbaz, which is folded about him, and fastened in at the waist with a bright girdle twisted around. Sometimes there is a short jacket of cloth, which, for gala occasions, is embroidered with gold thread. The girl wears a bright-colored handkerchief tied over her head, and the boy a red cap, or tarboosh. In the cold weather a small shawl is sometimes worn over the fez. The girl, also, in some places, wears a tarboosh, and, as soon as she reaches early maidenhood, she drapes over her head and shoulders a thin cotton veil. If she is a Moslem, her face is also covered when in the presence of men not of her own family. If a Druze, one eye and her mouth are hidden.

There is no general social intermingling of the young after the age of childhood is passed.

Children all the world over love freedom and play, but those of Syria have always seemed less merry than those I have known elsewhere, and carry, perhaps unconsciously, the inheritance of a burdened and oppressed ancestry. In nothing are the fruits of an enlightened Christianity more discernible than in the blessing it brings to the lives of the young. This, I think, was foreseen by the old prophet, Zechariah, whose thoughts

about the highest prosperity in a restored Jerusalem were associated with a vision of the city 'full of boys and girls playing in the streets thereof.'

Experiences of a Western Life

(By a Country Parson.)

In February, 1858, I arrived in California and found there was a number of places in San Joaquin county where there was no preaching nor Sabbath-schools, but the Sabbath was a day for drinking and card-playing and horse-racing. One of the towns seven or eight miles from where I settled, was known as Woodbridge; named in honor of a Mr. Woods who kept a hotel. There was no preaching there, and my recollection now is that I held the first religious meeting ever held in the place. At my first appointment an elder and a member went with me so as to see that no harm befell me. There had been a Masonic hall erected and they kindly consented for religious services to be held in the lower portion of it. When we arrived we found we were the only persons who had come to church. I confess it looked very discouraging about keeping up a regular appointment, or for that matter any appointment at all. We waited about half an hour, but there were no additions to the hearers. As miners say, I very soon resolved to go out on a prospecting tour and see if matters could not be changed. Not far from the hall I found a good-sized saloon full of men drinking and gambling. I went back and told those who had come with me that I thought I would go over and invite them to church. 'Yes, you do that' they both replied, 'and you will get whipped before you get out of that saloon, you must remember that you are a late arrival in California, and are not accustomed to the ways of the people here.' I replied that I was not the least afraid of being whipped, that two could play at that game, and I would risk the consequences and go. I went over and walked into the saloon and watched them gamble and drink for some moments, and then pulled off my hat and made them as polite a bow as I knew how (after I had called their attention). Then I said to them, 'gentlemen, you have had a game of your kind, come over to church at the hall and have a game of my kind.' I also gave the bar-tender a special invitation to come. He immediately spoke, saying, 'I request every one present to get out of here for I want to close the saloon as soon as possible and go out and get my family and attend church, for no man shall come to my saloon and invite me but what I shall hear what he has got to say.' I returned and told my companions what I had done and that they were nearly all coming to church, but still they doubted and I replied 'wait a few moments and see.' It was only a short time before they commenced coming and with them the saloon-keeper and his family. Others saw these coming and they also came until the congregation numbered seventy-five or eighty, and as well-behaved as any one could wish. One man who I think had at least one dram ahead, came in eating a very large red apple. He seated himself but kept on eating and looking up to see what I was going to do, and finally laid his knife and apple down by his side and listened with seemingly intense interest until the close of the services, and then resumed his eating. The text I preached from that day was a very pointed one, 'And these shall go away into everlasting punishment.' It never entered my mind that such a text, owing to the occasion, might be regarded as a direct insult until afterward when I got to thinking about it.

From the text I endeavored to show the real necessity there was for inflicting punishment in the world to come, that no government was safe here without it, and that God in his infinite goodness would inflict punishment in the future on all who refused submission to his will while they lived. Second, I endeavored to show the nature of the punishment to be inflicted. That one of the main ingredients would be the lashing of a guilty conscience, and the fact that there was nothing in all the universe that could by any means calm its fears. I asked those who drank how they would like to have the raging thirst for liquor to continue to haunt them and burn them for ever, and yet no means of gratifying it. Or then, how would you like to have the influence and power that gambling has over you to continue for interminable ages tossing the soul about as if on a sea of fire. I contended that wrong doing made men miserable here, and where it would be continued in the world to come and all by their own acts, they would still continue to be miserable, for look where they would no relief would ever come. I urged that if hell was no worse than a troubled conscience, which in its very nature was tormenting, that it was better to shun it. Third, I endeavored to show the duration of the punishment, taking for my authority the text, 'These shall go away into everlasting punishment.' When I advanced to this proposition there was a silence and solemnity that was almost oppressive. After that day I had no trouble in securing a congregation at that place as long as I preached there, and was always treated with respect by the people, including the saloon-keeper. They seemed to respect me the more because I told them the truth as found in God's word.

After the scenes of that day they sent me an invitation to come and deliver a temperance lecture. I took some good singers with me and went, and there were, I think, fourteen who enlisted with the Sons of Temperance. It was quite a temperance revival for a small, new place, and I trust did good. —'The Occident.'

A Difference.

(By Grace A. Cannon.)

'Ned,' said Mrs. Eaton, to her son one hot Fourth of July evening, just after tea, 'won't you go up to Aunt Emily's and ask Charlotte and Mildred to come down here for the evening and watch the fireworks about the neighborhood? I hear Mr. Davis is going to have something pretty and worth seeing. You know the girls will not be likely to see anything of any consequence where they live.'

'Oh, dear, mother!' replied Ned, lounging back in the hammock on the piazza; 'it is such a long walk to Aunt Emily's; a mile at the very least. I'm tired; and I don't believe the girls would care much about coming, anyway.'

'I'm sure they'd like to come, Ned, though, of course, if you're tired, I sha'n't urge you to go. But the girls don't have very many pleasures, you know.'

Ned continued swinging the hammock listlessly back and forth and looked dreamily at the sky above. He made no reply to his mother's suggestion, and evidently dismissed the subject from his mind. Five or ten minutes passed, and he went out on the lawn to see if any preparations were being made for the evening at neighboring houses. Two of his friends saw him from the opposite side of the street, and came across.

'Say, Ned,' said one of the boys as he came within speaking distance, 'let's go up on the Heights and see what's going on there. They say there'll be no end of fireworks. Won't be anything round here worth seeing. What do you say, Ned? Good for a two-mile tramp?'

'I should say so,' answered Ned, enthusiastically. 'Of course we don't want to miss a good thing like that. Two miles don't amount to anything. We'll have to hurry, though.' And without more ado, Ned started off at a brisk walk, accompanied by his two companions. Somehow the distance seemed very short compared to the walk to Aunt Emily's house. What made the difference?—'Wellspring.'

If She Had to Swim.

A New Zealand girl was brought over to England to be educated. She became a true Christian. When she was about to return, some of her playmates endeavored to dissuade her. They said: 'Why do you go back to New Zealand? You are accustomed to England now. You love its shady lanes and clover fields. It suits your health. Besides, you may be shipwrecked on the ocean. You may be killed and eaten by your own people. Everybody will have forgotten you.'

'What!' she said, 'do you think I could keep the good news to myself? Do you think that I could be content with having got the pardon and peace and eternal life for myself, and not go and tell my dear father and mother how they can get it too? I would go if I had to swim there. Do not try to hinder me, for I must go and tell my people the good news.'—'Wellspring.'

George Herbert on Man.

My God, I heard this day,
That none doth build a stately habitation
But he that means to dwell therein,
What house more stately hath there been,
Or can be, than is Man? to whose creation
All things are in decay.

For Man is ev'rything,
And more: he is a tree, yet bears more fruit;
A beast, yet is, or should be, more:
Reason and speech we only bring;
Parrots may thank us if they are not mute,
They go upon the score.

Man is all symmetry,
Full of proportions, one limb to another,
And all to all the world besides;
Each part may call the farthest brother,
For head and foot hath private amity,
And both with moons and tides.

Nothing hath got so far
But man hath caught and kept it as his prey,
His eyes dismount the highest star;
He is in little all the sphere;
Herbs gladly cure our flesh, because that they,
Find their acquaintance there.

For us the winds do blow,
The earth resteth, heaven moveth, fountains flow;
Nothing we see but means our good,
As our delight, or as our treasure;
The whole is either our cupboard of food,
Or cabinet of pleasure.

The stars have us to bed,
Night draws the curtain, which the sun withdraws;
Music and light attend our head;
All things unto our flesh are kind
In their descent and being, to our mind
In their ascent and cause.

Each thing is full of duty;
Waters united are our navigation;
Distinguished, our habitation;
Below, our drink; above, our meat;
Both are our cleanliness. Hath one such beauty?
Then how are all things neat?

BOYS AND GIRLS

Saved.

(By Florinda Twichell.)

'There is the Cathedral bell. Wake up, stranger, and make your toilet for church.'

Ernest Clayton arose from his hard bed in the old city prison and rubbed his swollen eyes, and looked about him in a dazed way. He tried to recall the events that had preceded his long, drunken sleep. He had a confused remembrance of some trouble the night before, but of his arrest he could remember nothing.

He occupied one of a long row of cells opening into a narrow corridor. The door of his cell was already unlocked, and he found that about twenty-five men had passed the night in the place. Some were serving short sentences for loitering and drunkenness, some, like himself, had been brought in the night before in a state of intoxication. He found his money was all gone, and he concluded his prospects for spending the day in the place, perhaps several days, were very good.

Ernest Clayton was a young man little past twenty, fairly well dressed, and in spite of his dissipated appearance, there was an air of refinement about him.

The fellow who had addressed him was come to be regarded as a 'regular,' at the prison, and he osually tried to get what amusement he could out of the rather monotonous days he spent there. He was specially cordial and officious with strangers.

'Where am I?' young Clayton asked.

'Oh, this is your first, is it? One never forgets the place after a little stay here; sort of cherishes the memory. I am college-bred myself (you would not think it, though), and I could as soon forget my beloved 'Alma Mater,' as this old city prison. The tears fill my eyes when I recall my days and nights here, The gentle murmur of the river as it washes the grim old walls outside, the tender, bewitching music of the crickets in the chinks of the floor, the friendship of the faithful cockroaches as they wander about my pillowless head or stroll on the moonlit floor. Yes, it is a wonderful place here. And some wonderful people drop in here for a night or two. But you'd better get ready for church.'

'Church?'

'Yes, the missionaries will be here soon.'

'I am not anxious to see them,' replied Ernest Clayton, indifferently. 'It is bad enough to be here, if we are let alone.'

'I used to feel that way. I thought if I could get along without the gospel outside I could in here, but I am glad to see them now. There is no cant about them. They are real square genuine men and women.'

Just then the big iron door swung open, and several ladies and two young men entered the corridor. Coming half-way down the range, they began to sing a familiar hymn. A middle-aged lady, with a sweet, sympathetic face, acted as leader. Several of the men greeted her familiarly, calling her Mrs. Dean.

Sh esaid, 'I see some strangers here, and I will explain to you why we come here. We always come at this hour for a little service. The day seems long here, with nothing to do, so we have brought you some papers to read, and we are going to stay and sing and pray and tell you a little about the Christ who is so precious to us. I am sure we all come this morning from choice, and because we love our Master and we love the dear souls he died to save.'

After several hymns, in which the men joined heartily, and prayers offered by the young men and women, Mrs. Dean asked one of the young ladies to speak to the men. 'I am sure you will enjoy listening to Miss Weston. The children at our mission love her, and her name has become a household word in many homes. The children seldom make a mistake in their friendships.'

Miss Weston read the old story of Jesus walking on the stormy Galilee, when he went to his disciples over the waves.

No ecclesiastical body had commissioned her to preach the gospel, yet that little talk might have moved many an audience that sat in cushioned pews that Sabbath morning, napping or dreaming through a long theological discourse.

The men drew nearer and listened with tearful eyes.

Ernest Clayton forgot the old prison walls. Once more he seemed to stand in the dear old home among those who loved him, when he knelt at his mother's side in prayer, and once more he seemed to feel her good-night kisses on his lips. He saw his golden-haired sisters, who had been so proud of him before the demon of drink had robbed that home of its dearest treasure.

At the close of her talk Miss Weston said: 'He is here to-day, my brother, the very same Jesus who walked on the strong waves of Galilee. He comes to you over the dark billows of sin and doubt and despair. He stretches out his hands to you to-day. Will you not come to him? Let him break the power of sin and habit. I wish all who want to seek him would kneel with us in prayer.'

Among those who knelt on the damp stone floor was Ernest Clayton. Mrs. Dean went and knelt at his side, and laid her hand gently on his shoulder.

'Tell me about it, my boy. Are you really coming back to the Father's house this morning?'

In broken sentences the young man told her of his former life, his loving mother, his faithful sisters; of his wild, sinful career. How he had wandered from home completely discouraged, trying to break away from the power of drink, then falling again, till he had determined never to go home again.

'I thought every good impulse was dead till you came in this morning. The old hymns brought it all back to me, and your kind, motherly words thrilled me with a new hope, and I listened to the gospel message. If it is true, there is hope for me, and I am going to try.'

In a few words Mrs. Dean poured in his ear the old, old story of Jesus' pardoning love and sustaining grace; and like sweetest music came the voice that called over the waves of Galilee, hushing all doubts and fears, and a faith born of the need of the hour, came to Ernest Clayton, and he stepped out on the promises of God; he went to the waiting Saviour over the dark waves of sin.

Away in a distant State a mother bowing in prayer for her wandering boy, felt a sweet sense of peace and trust.

The bells from a dozen churches in the city rang out to the clear morning air, calling to the regular morning service crowds of people who hurried to their places of worship with devotion and reverence, and a dim sense of the real meaning of Jesus' life and death, but knowing little of the real Christ, who stood that morning with the little company bowed in the old city prison, touching into new life the soul that was dead in sin. And angels carried to heaven the glad news that the wandering boy had come home.

In the first peace and joy that the knowledge of forgiveness and deliverance from the power of appetite brought, Ernest Clayton, forgot the perplexing question of his future. But he soon remembered that he would be turned out from the prison penniless, homeless, and hungry, with his reputation gone and a command to leave the city at once or be re-arrested for loitering.

But his new-found hope seemed too precious to lose. Mrs. Dean had said: 'Come to the mission when you are free.' One of the Christian young men had whispered, 'Don't be discouraged; I was a hopeless drunkard, and the Lord saved me, and has kept me five long years.'

After a few days our hero was discharged with the advice to leave the city at once. Standing at the door of the prison a sorry hero he seemed. But there was a new purpose in his heart. He was weak from his bread-andwater diet, and lame from lying on a hard bed in the damp cells, and the future looked anything but hopeful.

'You might get lodging and board at the mission,' one of the men had said to him, 'but who wants to work five hours a day for that? Why, I have seen the time when I could earn my four dollars a day. You won't catch me coming down to that. You are too tony a chap to sleep in their bunks there.'

'I would think it would be infinitely better than our beds here,' said Ernest.

Yet it cost him a severe struggle to go to the lodging-house. But he went and applied for work with a manly spirit that won the confidence of the gentleman in charge.

He felt so free and glad in his deliverance from drink and the dreary old prison that the work seemed no drudgery. The meetings in the mission hall were a delight to him. Mrs Dean recognized him, and gave him a kind, motherly greeting, and sought every little opportunity to make his acquaintance. He was given a place of trust in his work and for a few weeks all went well.

One evening Mrs. Dean missed him from the meeting; he came in late, however, but on the next night he was again absent.

'Do you know where Ernest Clayton is?' she asked the janitor.

'I am not certain,' was the reply. 'He went down town on an errand. Some one said he was in Mankin's saloon last night. You know there is a fellow tending bar there who used to be here.'

A little later Mrs. Dean and Miss Weston slipped out quietly and turned down a side street, and went directly to the saloon in question.

'You are not going in, Mrs. Dean,' said her companion.

'That depends on whether it is necessary. If he is there I shall see him before I come away. Satan has come straight into our ranks and snatched the poor boy away, and I can't stand with folded hands and see him go back into the life he has been saved from.'

The women knocked at the saloon door. A young man opened it with apparent surprise.

'Is Ernest Clayton here?' asked Mrs. Dean.

'I will see,' was the reply.

'Who wants him?' said the proprietor.

'Some of those mission women.'

'Tell 'em "no."'

Mrs. Dean pushed the door open and stepped inside. She was not mistaken, Ernest was there.

He sprang to his feet.

'We want to see you, Ernest,' said Mrs. Dean, quietly. Without a word the young man followed the ladies outside.

'Let us walk down the street a little,' said

Mrs. Dean, taking the young man's arm. 'I want to talk to you.'

'It is no use, I have lost my last chance. I felt so safe and happy, and now I am drinking again. I wish I had never made any start. I have tried so hard to be faithful, and I was getting to feel stronger. I was going to write home to mother in a few days. Ned Taylor called me in last night as I passed the saloon, and some way, I hardly know just how it happened, I yielded and went in. I am going to try my luck at the gambling-table to-night, and if I win and get money enough to get out of the city and away from you people I will go, if not I will end my miserable life, for if I live I must have a drink.'

'You will do nothing of the kind, my boy,' said Mrs. Dean. 'You will go back to the friends who really care for you. Back to the God who will forgive you and love you just the same and who can keep you when you have fully learned, as this little fall may teach you, that you cannot keep yourself.'

They stopped on the old canal bridge, and the two women pleaded for the young life that seemed hanging on the very verge of ruin and despair. Looking down into the dark waters Ernest Clayton, muddled by drink and the thirst for more, declared he would end his miserable life there.

'Leave me, I entreat you. You can do me no good,' he cried.

'My poor boy, I cannot, will not leave you, yet I cannot save you. You must choose for yourself. A few years ago, when I stood by the grave of my own dear boy, and heard the damp earth fall on the precious casket, I promised I would live for the other boys who needed me. I cannot let you go.'

The hour grew late. A chill March rain began to fall, yet, like Rizpah of old, the two women stood faithfully with the poor tempted boy, until there, in the rain and darkness, they all bowed in prayer, and the enemy was driven back.

In silence they walked back to the mission, and young Clayton went straight to the lodging-rooms.

A few months later there came a letter full of thankfulness from his mother, telling of his return home, and his faithful, Christian life. Later he wrote: 'I am telling the same old story, dear sisters, that you told me that Sunday morning in the old city prison. I am trusting, moment by moment, the wonderful Friend who, unseen, stood with us on that dark, rainy night, on the old canal bridge, when you went out to seek and save the lost, and defied the power of Satan and snatched me from the very jaws of hell.' — 'Joyful News.'

Two Pictures From Life.

A black-eyed baby lay moaning its young life away on the brick bed of a dreary mud house in Pekin, China.

The feeble voice, growing weaker and weaker, was now and then drowned in the sobs and groans of the young mother, who gazed in despair upon her dying child. She longed to press it to her aching heart, but she had always heard that demons are all around the dying, waiting to snatch the soul away, and so because it was dying she was afraid of her own baby!

'It is almost time,' said the mother-in-law, glancing at the slanting sunbeam that had stolen into the dismal room through a hole in the paper window; and she snatched up the helpless baby with a determined air. The mother shrieked, 'My baby is not dead! My baby is not dead yet.'!

'But it has only one mouthful of breath left,' said the old woman; 'the cart will soon pass, and then we shall have to keep it in the house all night. There is no help for it; the gods are angry with you.'

The mother dared not resist, and her baby was carried from her sight. She never saw it again.

The old black cart, drawn by a black cow, passed slowly down the street, the little body was laid among the others already gathered there, and the carter drove on through the city gate. Outside the city wall he laid them all in a common pit, buried them in lime, and drove on.

No stone marks the spot; no flower will ever blossom on that grave.

The desolate woman wails, 'My baby is lost; by baby is lost; I can never find him again.'

The black-eyed baby's mother is a heathen.

II.

A blue-eyed baby lay moaning on the downy pillows of its dainty crib, and it was whispered softly through the Mission, 'Baby is dying.'

With sorrowing hearts we gathered in the stricken home, but the Comforter had come before us.

'Our baby is going home,' said the mother, and, though her voice trembled, she smiled bravely and sweetly upon the little sufferer.

'We gave her to the Lord when she came to us. He has but come for his own,' said the father reverently, and threw his arms lovingly around his wife.

As we watched through our tears the little life slipping away, some one began to sing softly:

'Jesus, Lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly.'

The blue eyes opened for the last time, and with one long gaze into the loving faces above closed again, and with a gentle sigh the sweet child passed in through the gate to the heavenly fold.

'Let us pray,' said a low voice. We knelt together, and heaven came so near we could almost see the white-robed ones, and hear their songs of welcome.

There are no baby coffins to be bought in Pekin, so a box was made; we lined it with soft white silk from a Chinese store. We dressed baby in her snowy robes and laid her lovingly in her last resting place. We decked the room with flowers, and strewed them over the little one.

The next day we followed the tiny coffin to the cemetery.

With a song of hope, and words of cheer and trust, and a prayer of faith we comforted the sorrowing hearts.

Now a white stone marks the sacred spot where we laid her, and flowers blossom on the grave that is visited often and tended with loving care.

'The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord,' says the baby's father, while baby's mother answers, 'Our baby is safe; we shall find her, and have her again, some glad day.'

The blue-eyed baby's mother is a Christian.—Clara M. Cushman, in 'Gospel in All Lands.'

Street Scenes.

'What is the matter, auntie?' I asked an old colored woman whom I met on Broadway the other morning, and down whose wrinkled face the tears were streaming, as I touched her on the arm.

'Matter, honey!' and her eyes looked into mine with a gleam of surprise. Then I saw that despite the tears hers was not an unhappy or a hungry face, of which just now one sees so many. 'I was jes' a-studyin' 'bout what he had done fur me, a pore ole nigger, who is jes' a cumberin' the ground, an' not wuth house room. Why, up yander,' and her voice took on a triumphant ring, 'up yander thar's a hull mansion a-waitin' pore ole Lucy, an' a white robe, an' a crown an' a harp! Bress my soul. How dis yar pore ole woman will praise de Lord when she gits up dar!'

'What are you doing for him here below?' I asked, the ready tears standing in my eyes.

'De bes' I kin, honey, de bes' I kin. An' is you?'—Missionary S.S. Word.'

Character and Gold.

SAM P. JONES.

I keep saying that character outranks everything, but that manhood outranks money, and God is still above gold. When I was in Texas a few months ago I heard a well authenticated case of this kind, which happened in that community. A local Methodist preacher—a plain, unassuming man — was riding into town on horseback. Passing one of his neighbor's homes on the way the neighbor stepped out of his gate and asked the preacher if he would take a cheque to town and bring back $5,000 in cash for him; that he had bought a piece of land and that the man was there with the deed to deliver, and he wanted to pay him the money. The preacher replied he would certainly do him the kindness to bring him the money. He rode on into town and when through with his business went to the bank, got the money, put it in his pocket, got on his horse and started for home. He hadn't ridden more than three or four miles from town before a man stepped out from behind some bushes with a drawn pistol, saying: 'Give me that five thousand dollars.'

The local preacher replied:

'I won't do it, sir.'

'Well, if you don't I will kill you,' replied the highwayman.

'All right,' said the preacher, 'you can get the money after I am dead, but not while I am alive.'

'What do you mean?' said the highwayman, 'don't you know that I will kill you for that money if I must kill you to get it?'

'Yes,' said the preacher, 'I think you will, but you will have to kill me to get it.'

The highwayman then said to the preacher: 'What do you mean by this? Do you think more of that man's five thousand dollars than you think of your life?'

'No,' replied the preacher, 'but I do think more of my character than I do of my life. I have a wife and several boys and girls at home. Their husband and father is known as an honest, upright man. If I give you this money and then go to the man whose money it is and tell him that I was robbed on the highway, he would never believe me. My character would be gone, and my children disgraced. So I affirm to you, sir, that I think more of my character than I do of my life. If you will have the money, whack away with your gun.'

The highwayman looked at him and said:

'I haven't it in my heart to shoot a man like you. Go on with your life and money too.'

A few months later this highwayman did kill a man, was convicted and sentenced to be hanged. To a visiting preacher he confessed, among other things, these facts in reference to the local preacher. The visiting pastor went to the local preacher and asked him if it was true. 'Yes,' said he, 'it occurred just as the highwayman has related it to you.'

'Why,' said the visiting pastor, 'you never said anything about it.'

'No,' said the local preacher, 'I never have said anything about it. I never told my wife about it.'

'Why?'

'Because I didn't think it was anything to talk about. Some people might have thought that I was telling a falsehood or trying to give an illustration of my bravery or something of that kind; but the thing occurred just as related.'—'Michigan Advocate.

A Serpent in the Home.

(Mary Rowley, in Michigan Advocate.')

Such a bright and cheery home it was in which Helen was cradled, cared for, watched over and guided with tender, motherly counsel, until just on the threshold of womanhood. You would not have thought that she herself would have been the one who would have brought the first trace of trouble and care to their home, but such was the case.

Just entering womanhood, with a heart filled with faith and trust in all mankind, she was won by a young man whom the world called worthy. To him she surrendered her whole life with a depth of love and devotion which can only come from one in whom tenderness and love have always been cultivated.

Richard Earle was indeed deemed worthy. He occupied a responsible and profitable position, moved in the best circles of society, seemed to predict that this new home would be very happy.

One thing, however entered into the home, of which the young wife was ignorant for many weeks. It was such a trifle, as viewed by the world at large, it would scarcely seem worth mentioning; but a serpent so subtle, so deadly and cruel coiled itself up on the hearth, and was slowly but surely fastening its fangs in the very heart life of this bright home. It had come to stay.

Strange, you say. Perhaps you would not have called it a serpent, this habit which by means of his genial nature had been able to fix itself so securely upon Richard Earle. Like so many fortune-favored young men, he would occasionally take a social glass with his companions, and imperceptibly it was becoming a fixed habit. Shall I prove to you how truly this was a serpent?

Then years passed away. We will glance at two different scenes in this town.

It is Sabbath evening, and a man and woman sit talking in a subdued tone by the hearth. Silvery white are the locks which cover the brow of the mother, while the hand of the father trembles and is uncertain. Has age made all this change in the parents of sweet Helen? Nay, verily. But ten short years have passed since she had left and entered upon her life of promise. Surely not enough to draw such lines of care and trouble in their faces.

We will turn to the second scene for the cause of all this change, for do you think a deep sorrow can enter the life of a child without tracing furrows of care on the faces of a true mother and father?

In a back alley, up two flights of stairs, in a dimly lighted room, we will find our second picture. The room is spotlessly neat and clean, for Helen, in spite of her free and happy girlhood, had been carefully trained by her mother. On a stool near the window sit two children, the treasures which had been sent to brighten this shadowed home, though the brightness they brought was partially darkened by a terrible cloud of fear lest that serpent, that terrible appetite, should be handed down to these innocent little boys. Very near them sits the mother bending over the sewing which is becoming her incessant companion. She is the bread-winner now, and early and late she toils, for the serpent which entered ten years ago has steadily and mercilessly continued his deadly work, and Richard Earle, yielding more and more, first becomes careless and neglectful in his work, and finally, returning after a week of debauchery, finds he has lost his position. The pleasant home also slips away, and we find them as they are above.

'Mamma,' suddenly the younger one speaks, 'does papa really love us?'

Ah, the child had touched upon the secret of it all. When a man is tender, affectionate and thoughtful to his family one day, and then becomes a perfect fiend under the influence of liquor on the next, does he really love them? Richard Earle in his sober moments saw how he was more and more becoming a burden instead of a help to his household, and one memorable day he left them intending never to return.

'Good riddance,' I am sure some one is tempted to say. Not so the faithful wife, whose devotion had followed him even to now, and who from the secret place of prayer had sent up agonizing petitions to the all-seeing One. Now was her faith to be put to the severest of tests.

Ten more long years pass away. In a mining town in the West a man is stumbling along the street. You would not have recognized in this ragged, unkempt creature, old before his time, the person of Richard Earle. He does not realize that he is passing a small church which is lighted. He is sober to-night, and what is more, he is thinking. Suddenly there come floating to him these words, sung in a tender, touching strain:

'Beckoning hands of a mother, whose love
Sacrificed life its devotion to prove;
Hands of a father to memory dear,
Beckoning up higher the waiting ones here.'

He stops, he lingers. The picture of his sainted mother and patient father, both brought to an early grave through him, rises before him. While his mind is still dwelling on this the sweet voice continues:

'Beckoning hands of a little one, see,
Baby voice calling, O father, to thee,
Rosy cheeked darling, the light of your home,
Taken so early, is beckoning, "Come."'

Now he remembers, now he thinks of darling baby Helen, the sweet flower that had come to his home and faded so quickly. He remembers the soft baby caresses, and also the night when she left them, and he had sought to bury his blind grief in drink. And he thinks of little Helen's mother, his faithful wife, whom he had so shamelessly deserted, her brightness and her devotion, a flood of tenderness sweeps over him. His heart is softened. He is still standing by the church, and now, as if to crown the sacredness of the moment, there comes in tones of melting tenderness:

'Brightest and best of that beautiful throng,
Centre of all and the theme of our song,
Jesus, our Saviour, the pierced one, stands,
Lovingly calling with beckoning hands.'

His forgotten Saviour, the Divine One, pierced for him! He can almost see him with his thorn-crowned brow and bleeding hands and feet, looking down on him with such a sad, reproachful look, but with a look withal so tender, beseeching and full of love. With a heart almost broken he walks into the church, thinking of his loathsome past life. In the light of the actual presence of the Saviour, how despicable, how weak, how low his past life seems. As he enters the door the song is ended, and the leader rises. '"He is able to save to the uttermost." Will you come?'

Down to the front, down prostrate at the altar the penitent goes, and there we will leave him and stop just one moment before another scene. It is in a tiny home many miles away. A sweet-faced mother, with her two manly sons, just past boyhood are seated in the pleasant sitting-room of this home, secured with much self-denial. Helen Earle's faith, though severely tested with regard to her husband, still burns brightly, for many assurances has she received that God hears and answers prayer. And now, in the selfsame hour in which Richard Earle starts thoughtfully past the church, his faithful wife and their sons have met in the sitting-room to plead with God and claim his promises. Somewhere, in some place known only to God, they know their wanderer is, and while they together plead comes the assurance of answered prayer. Verily when God speaks devils tremble and fall, for when they rose from their knees with this glad assurance written on each face, in that holy moment the cruel serpent stealthily, as if in shame, glided from the hearth, and left forever.

I wish I might paint to you in words which would adequately describe it, that meeting which occurred just three weeks later in this same tiny home. How sweet Helen, with a face perfectly radiant, first greets the wanderer, then the sons welcome their father, now for the first time a father to them in truth; how the aged parents of Helen grant pardon and give their blessing to the one who has caused all their woe. Words fail, but truly, 'There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth.'

The Little Drummer's Last Call.

A pathetic story of the Civil War was related by a corporal of an Illinois regiment who was captured by the Confederates at the battle of Wilson's Creek, and is repeated in 'Women of the War.'

The day before this regiment was ordered by General Lyons to march toward Springfield, the drummer of the company fell ill. There was no one to take his place, and while the captain was wondering how he should supply the lack, a pale, sorrow-stricken woman appeared at his tent door, begging an interview. She brought with her a little boy of twelve or thirteen years, whom she wished to place in the regiment as drummer-boy. Her husband had been killed in the service, and she thought that the boy, who was eager to 'join the army,' might earn something toward the support of the family.

'Captain,' she said, after the boy had been accepted, 'he won't be in much danger, will he?'

'No, I think not,' replied the officer, 'We shall be disbanded in a few weeks, I am confident.'

The new drummer soon became a favorite, and there was never a feast of fruit or other hardly-procured dainties that 'Eddie,' did not get his share first. The soldiers were stirred by the child's enthusiastic devotion, and declared that his drumming was different from that of all the other drummers in the army.

After the engagement at Wilson's Creek, where the Federals were defeated, Corporal B., who had been thrown from his horse, found himself lying concealed from view near a clump of trees. As he lay there, with his ear to the ground, he heard the sound of a drum distinct, but rather faint. In a moment he recognized the stroke of Eddie, the

boy drummer, and hastened toward the spot whence the sound proceeded. In a clump of bushes, propped against a tree, he found the boy. His drum was hanging from a shrub within reach, his face was deadly pale.

'O corporal,' said he, 'I am so glad you came! Won't you give me a drink of water, please!'

The corporal ran to a little stream close by, and brought the child a draught. Just at this moment there came an order for the retreat, and the corporal turned to go.

'Don't leave me,' said the little drummer, 'I can't walk. See!' and he pointed to his feet.

The corporal saw with horror that both feet had been shot off by a cannon-ball.

'He said the doctors could cure them,' continued the boy, pointing to the dead body of a Confederate soldier who lay beside him. 'He was shot all to pieces, but he crawled over here and—tied—my legs up—so they would—wouldn't bleed so !' And Eddie closed his eyes wearily.

The corporal's eyes were blinded by a mist of tears as he looked down. The Confederate soldier, shot to death, and in the agonies of the last struggle, had managed to take off his suspenders and bind the boys legs above the knees!

As the corporal bent down to raise the child, a body of Confederate troops came up and he was a prisoner. With a sob in his voice, he told the story, and the Southern officer tenderly lifted the wounded drummer on his own horse, swinging the drum before him. When the little cavalcade reached camp Eddie was dead, but the little drummer's last call had aroused the noblest feeling in the heart of one who was his foe, one whose last act was an effort to save and comfort the boy-enemy who was faithful to his duty.

How She was Warned.

(Helena H. Thomas.)

Opening the door in answer to a timid knock, I found myself face to face with a form so thinly clad, and a face so pinched, that without waiting to know the woman's errand, I drew her in, out of the cold.

The wintry winds had blown the white locks about the furrowed face, giving it a weird expression; still there was an appealing sweetness about it as, half-shyly, she said:

'I t'ink you not remember me, lady,' smiling sweetly, as she spoke, as if looking on the face of a friend.

'Your face is familiar,' I replied, 'but so many come to my door, that I cannot place you,' and I half forced the shivering form into a seat before the glowing grate.

'I t'ink it not strange you forget granny, lady; you lif in big house and know much people! but I not forget you, you warm me so! I bin here last vinter, one cold day like this, an' you speaks kind to me an' gives me cup o' tea. I not forget it, ever!'

The words recalled her, and her former errand, and I glanced down at her basket, saying, 'Oh, now I know, and you are just in the nick of time. I need some soap. Why have you not been here before?'

And then she gave evidence of possessing as fine feelings as any cultured lady, as she said, pushing her basket aside:

'I not come to sell my t'ings here, lady! I not like to come here any more at all! You do so mooch for granny las' vinter; but I get such a chill to-day from other ladies, I t'inks I stop here to get varm.'

Not comprehending her quaint expressions, I said:

'It is too bad people are so thoughtless as not to ask you to warm yourself such a day as this, grandma.'

This trifling attention, which meant so much to her, seemed to me scarce worthy of mention, and it touched me deeply to hear her say in tremulous tones:

'I vasn't t'inkin' o' the varmth of me ol' body, or the cup o' tea you giv' me th' other time, lady; that kind o' varmin' helps lots! but it don't keep a lone body varm like kind words does!'

She read aright the puzzled, half-surprised expression of my face, as it slowly dawned upon me that a few kind words given 'in His name,' had been so treasured; for, as the tears trickled down the time-seamed, face, she said, with touching pathos:

'Ah, lady, you t'inks not how my ol' heart cry out for kind words! In ol' country my fader got nice leetle farm. My moder she gives mooch potatoes an' t'ings to poor peoples. I haf plenty!'

Then rocking herself to and fro, she continued, sadly:

'I come to this country long time ago, mit my man. He say we get rich quick in Ameriky. But we got only troubles! My girl she die; then my boy, he die. My man den—he mason—fall off a big house an' hurt his back so he lie on bed all time just like a stick. He like a dead man, 'cept he eat mooch ! I vork so hard, for long years, lady, vashin' an' scrubbin,' I get rhumatiz in my back. Ah,' said she, plaintively, 'I ask my Fader in heaven to take me an' my man, home to de Faderland, quick! but—'

Here the frail form shook from emotion, for a little, and then she continued:

'He not take us yet! I not know why. I likes mooch to go! An' my mos' dead man point up ev'ry day, like he vant to go, too; but vo not gone yet! So I tries to sell little t'ings, so we not starve. I die 'fore I beg, lady! I brought up by good Christian moder; I no beggar!'

Here I asked her if she made many sales, to which she replied, with evident reluctance:

'No, I not sell mooch! But we no starve, for my Fader — God — keep us like' — here she pointed to the hollow of her hand, in a most telling way, and added:

'He not let my husban' starve ; he so good!'

'But how about you?' I queried, looking at the wan face, 'Do you have food enough to nourish you?'

'Y-e-s, y-e-s,' said she, halting, as if to cover up the true condition of things. 'But, somehow, I not mooch hungry for food any more; when I got enough to eat, I got still a feelin' like I eat nothin'.'

Then, putting her hand to her emaciated throat, she continued, 'Some days I feel like I wuz chokin', if I try to eat, for you see, lady, we are hungry for somet'ing 'sides 'taters an' t'ings. Some days I feel like I wuz starvin' for a smile, or jus' one leetle kind vord!' And then, brushing away the tears, and placing her hand over her heart, she added: 'Kind vords is so good feelin'! They make me so varm here! But, lady, I not got mooch! I get more times, 'Get out!" like I vas a beggar! They give me chill like ague,' and she shivered as she spoke. 'I not look for peoples to buy of me all times; they not eat soap an' pins, you know; but if they vould give granny just one leetle kind vord to varm her old body, they have big pay some day, in my Fader's house.'

I had noticed that as she talked she seemed to be looking for some one, as she glanced shyly around from time to time, but I supposed that she was fearful of being seen by others of the household, as she appeared sensitive to a remarkable degree; but when preparing to go, with evident reluctance, she said:

'I don't see the man I did th'other time. P'raps you forget, lady, but he say to me, jus' as kin' like, "You are too old to be out such a day as this, grandma."' And then, as if making a desperate effort, she added: 'He speak so kind! an' smile on me, like I was his moder! I—I so like see him—some more—too.'

Then, seeing my hesitation, she hastened to add, very humbly:

'Forgif me, lady! I not do right to ask for fine gentleman; but I gettin' so old, maybe I not come oder times. I didn't vant no money! Jus' the look o' his face, and the kind vord to varm me, that's all, lady!'

Then it was my turn to weep, for I had walked in the light of that sunny face for thirty years, and my heart, too, felt the chill of the world as I told her that the one who gave lavishly of smiles and kind words had gone to his reward.

I cannot repeat all she said as she wept in sympathy, but these words will ever linger with me: 'Weep not, lady! He gone to de Fader, who give him mooch reward for de kind vords he leave behin' to mak' varm old bodies like he did mine!'

Ah! how little kind words cost, and how 'warming' they are! Let us give them less grudgingly, 'in his name.' — 'Silver Cross.'

'What shall I do lest life in silence pass?'
'And if it do,
And never prompt the bray of noisy brass,
What need'st thou rue?
Remember, aye, the ocean depths are mute,
The shallows roar.

Worth is the ocean, fame is but the bruit,
Along the shore.'
'What shall I do to be forever known?'
'Thy duty ever.'
'Thus did fall many who yet slept unknown,'
'Oh, never, never.

Think'st thou, perchance, that they remain
unknown,
Whom thou know'st not?
By angel trumps in heaven their praise is
blown,
Divine their lot.'

'What shall I do to gain eternal life?'
'Discharge aright,
The simple dues with which each day is rife,
Yea, with thy might.
Ere perfect scene of action thou devise,
Will life be fled,
While he who ever acts as conscience cries,
Shall live, though dead.'
—From Goethe.

Correspondence

A LETTER FROM THE EDITOR TO THE LITTLE PEOPLE WHOSE LETTERS HAVE NOT BEEN PRINTED.

Dear Little People:

Every day brings more letters, and to me they are not just 'Messenger Correspondence'—they are individual messages from dear boys and girls whom I have never seen but whom I love.

Each little letter is a picture to me. Sometimes the writing is so indistinct and the blots so numerous that I can scarcely read the letter, but I persevere.

The first word of the letters always makes me glad—'Dear'—I want to be dear to you.

I enjoy your letters, because I feel as

though I was becoming acquainted with you in this way. I open a letter which is perhaps signed 'Tom.' Tom tells me that he is the youngest of a large family, that he has six sisters and three brothers; that he will be ten years old next June, and that his father keeps two cows. Now, that would not be a very entertaining letter to print, because there are so many 'Toms,' who are the youngest of their family and whose fathers keep cows. But it is interesting to me. I feel as though I knew Tom and I will be glad to hear from him again.

I take up another letter and find that a little girl, (we may call her Mary), is eleven years old. She goes to school, and takes music lessons, and sometimes helps her mother with the housework. There are thousands of little girls who go to school and take music lessons and help at home. If we printed each of their letters the page would soon cease to be of interest to the others. But Mary is a little friend of mine now, and next time she writes I shall say, 'Oh, here is another letter from Mary!'

So you see, if your letters are not printed, they are not lost at all. Here is a long list of the names of those who have written to me. When you write again try how neat and interesting you can make your letters, write on only one side of the paper.

Thanking you for all your letters and good wishes,

CORRESPONDENCE EDITOR OF THE 'MESSENGER.'

HONORABLE MENTION.

Bertha, Rosemere; Williamina, Upper Charlo; Ethel, Drumbo; William, Wiltshire; Minnie, Owen Sound; Snowbird, Urbania, N.S.; Florence, Knoxford; Ethelwyn, St. Mary's; Lena, Barnston; Clifton, Mundale; N.Y.; Mabel, Algoma; Harley, Brookbury; Wilfrid, Manitoba; Walter, Lakefield; Eleanor Winnifred, Shelburne; Fraser, Mount Denison; Mabel, Roseberry; H. Le Roy, Nova Scotia; Slade, Springhill Mabel, Carleton Place; Eleanor, Franktown; Flossie, Buckingham; Effie, Iberville; Edna, Folly Village; Flossie, Desert; John, Clio, Iowa; Lamont, Weston; Amy, East Pubnico; Florence, Flesherton; Fannie, Kingsey Falls; Howard, Urbania; John, Logan's Tannery; Dewdrops, Fitzroy; Nellie, East Angus; Ellen, Gilford; Mother's Worker, Denman Island; Maggie, Great Shemogue; Lulu, Preston; Winnie, Wyandot; Annie, Cobden; Essie, Salmon River; Gertie, Napanee; Annie, Fairfield; Harry, Roxbury; Florence, North Dakota; Harry, Pugwash; Susy, New York; Ruby and Gertie, Noel Shore; John, Elsie and Florence, Balgonie, Assiniboia; Flora, Miami; Myrtis Leona, Noel Shore; Clarence, Toledo; Mossom, Bury's Green; Ardella, Stony Island; Neta, Kiersteadville; Ralph, Black River Bridge; Edward, Aburn; Edna, Lower Salmon Creek; Susie, Montrose; Gertrude, Sherbrooke; Rose, Parishville; Hazel, New Brunswick; Hattie, Halifax; Pansy, Sable River; Violet, Mitchell Square; Maggie, Noel Shore; Christena, Lorneville; Hazel, Wallace Bay; Lulu, St. Albans; Maggie, Loree; Walter, Dundas; Samuel, New Cumberland, Pa.; Jennie, Noel; Daisy, Woodyville; Lillie, Brown's Gore; Martha, Pugwash; Jennie, Skye; Ada, Burnt River; Agnes, Fitzroy; Nellie, Sydney Crossing; Marion, County Harbor; Ella, Collins Bay; Louie, Wiarton; Edgar, Chester; Lemuel; Emmie and Jatey, Roundthwaite, Man.; Jean, Onslow; Edith, Burlington, Vt.; Mary, Brandon; Alick, Monck; Dorothy, London; Clarence, Kempt; Bruce, Coburg; Clarence, Toledo; L. E. R., Mongenais; Loo, Maxwell; Stuart, Glammis; Jean; West Middle River; Bluebell, Gaspe.

A LUMBER CAMP.

Mechanic Settlement, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I think your 'Messenger' is one of the best papers I ever had, I like it very much.

My father is a store-keeper, he runs a lumber operation in the winter. My brother and I help in the store. My eldest brother surveys at the mill. We have four or five lumber camps, with about twenty-five men, which we try to keep supplied with books, papers and all sorts of good reading matter. We would be glad to receive supplies of literature, and I will see that it is distributed. I am secretary of the Junior Endeavor Society here, and treasurer of the Sunday-school.

One Sunday night I was thinking about getting some of the children of this place together and forming a little Society, to keep our papers and send them to children in some far-off land. The next day I proposed it to several of them, but they said that would be no fun at all! But I would like to do it myself, if I had the name of some little child in Corea or somewhere.

Your twelve-year-old friend,

MURRAY.

OUR YOUNGEST CORRESPONDENT.

Johnville, Qué.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl only five and a half years old. I live on the edge of Ascot, in Sherbrooke County, on a farm. My papa has a sawmill. He lets me play in the mill when my brother fits clapboards, but I cannot go in the big mill where the logs are sawed. I have never been to school, and can't write words yet, only letters. I coaxed my mamma to hold my hand while I wrote this. She reads me the children's letters out of the 'Messenger.' Fourteen children round here take the 'Messenger.' Most of their mammas belong to the W.C.T.U. We had a nice old horse named John. He was twenty-four years old. We had a dog named Ted, ten and a half years old. They have both been sick for a week, and so to-day, my papa thought they must not suffer any longer, and had them both shot. The hired men are burying them both in one grave in the pasture. I shall miss Ted, for he was a good playmate.

I have a dear little niece, one year old, her name is Mabeth Louise. My name is

ALICE SARA LOUISE.

FROM THE NORTH-WEST.

Regina.

Dear Editor,—I was eight years old on Christmas day, and I live on a farm north of Regina. We have no trees very near us, but we often go to the Qu'Appelle and Wascana Valleys, where there are lots of trees, and shrubs, flowers and berries, and we gather our fruit there, June berries and raspberries, strawberries, black currants and cherries, and in the fall we can gather hazel nuts.

The prairie in the summer looks like a flower-garden, there are so many different kinds of flowers; but the roses are the nicest, because they smell so sweet. They are all over the prairie, and have a great variety of shades, from white to deep red. There are several children in our family, and I am the youngest. We have races with our ponies.

We have a lot of horses, and cattle, pigs and chickens, and two dogs, and three cats. The dogs' names are Dan and Jimmy. The cats live in the stable to catch mice. We drive to school three miles every day. Before Christmas it was very cold, one morning we went to school it was between thirty and forty degrees below zero. I think it is very nice of you to let little children write to your paper.

AGNES.

Dear Editor,—My father is superintendent of our Sunday-school. We have taken the 'Messenger' here for a long time. I go to the mission band, which meets every month. There are about twenty members.

My cousin, Hilton Pealey, who was born in Japan, was visiting me last summer. He is about my age, and is going back to Japan next summer, with his mamma and papa, who were missionaries there and are home for a rest. I like to read the boys' and girls' letters. From,

DAVIE.

Mayfield, P.E.I.

Dear Editor,—I have been taking the 'Messenger,' for the last four years. Mamma was taking it ten years before I did. My papa takes the 'Witness,' and would not like to be without it.

I live down in Prince Edward Island, in a pretty country place called Mayfield, not far from Rustico Harbor, where I can see all the vessels and boats passing in and out.

ANNIE B.

Peterboro, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am ten years of age, I live on the route of the Trent Valley canal. Last year we had to take down our house because the canal came, and our house was in the centre. We were very sorry to have to part with our home. It was a pretty place, having a great many shade trees; large pines, some bass-wood and maples. We had a large fruit garden, lots of grape-vines, cherry-trees, raspberry and currant bushes. There was a large hill at the back of the house, and we used to have lots of fun in winter sleigh-riding. Yours truly,

RUTH.

A THRILLING TALE.

Mt. Denison, N.S.

Dear Editor,—Brother takes the 'Messenger,' I like the stories very much. I expect I am too young to compete for the Mission prize; but I am not too young to help the cause; and would like to write something about it. I know a little about mission work, though we have no Mission Band here, but we kept bees for years to raise money for missions. We had ten colonies at one time. The honey was weighed when taken from the hive, and whether we used it or sold it, the price was sent to missions. We used a lot at home, Papa and mamma sent some of the money to the 'Witness' Armenian Fund.

The bees all died; but left enough honey to buy another colony; so we are starting again with one colony, as we did at first. I have heard papa tell of a favorite schoolmate of his, who is now a missionary in Trinidad. He often tells us what a fine boy he was. He was never known to tell an untruth. I have heard papa speak of the good that has been done by missions in the Sandwich Islands.

We have a man living in this county, who was born in New Glasgow, Pictou County, who was shipwrecked on one of these islands when a young man. He was on his way to California. In those days they had to go by way of Cape Horn, and they were blown out of their course. The savages roasted and ate all the rest of the crew. They kept him prisoner for seven years. Some other time I may tell you why they spared his life; and how he finally made his escape. My papa is well acquainted with him, and knows how he got away from the islands.

On the Wrong Side.

'A PARABLE FOR THE LITTLE PEOPLE.

(M. B. Manwell in 'Sunday Magazine.)

Spring had come to the land, for

'Have not rains greened over April's lap?'

Every baby-blade of grass was shooting up its inquisitive head to see what this fair world was really like. The tiny stream, the meadow's boundary, was rippling with a noisy gladness, already forgetting its ice-bound misery when Robbie, the farm-boy, was sliding and halloaing over it. The sun was playing bo-peep in and out of the fleecy, white clouds. Everything in nature was spick-and-span new, the newest thing of all being two lambs staggering feebly in the cool, sweet meadow-grass with their long legs that looked as if they belonged to somebody else, certainly not to themselves. Of course each had a mother close by, but the new-comers had a good deal to say to one another as they rubbed their soft heads together.

'It is all very nice, and such a surprise!' said Snowy, the white lamb to Darky, the black one, and Darky cordially agreed—as who would not that fine spring morning—while the contented sheep mothers looked on, each thinking her own lamb quite the finest on the downs.

The sunshiny hours sped by, and Snowy, growing stronger on his legs each moment, began to look farther afield, beyond his mother's warm, woolly form.

'I wonder what it is like over there, don't you?' he said to the other baby-lamb.

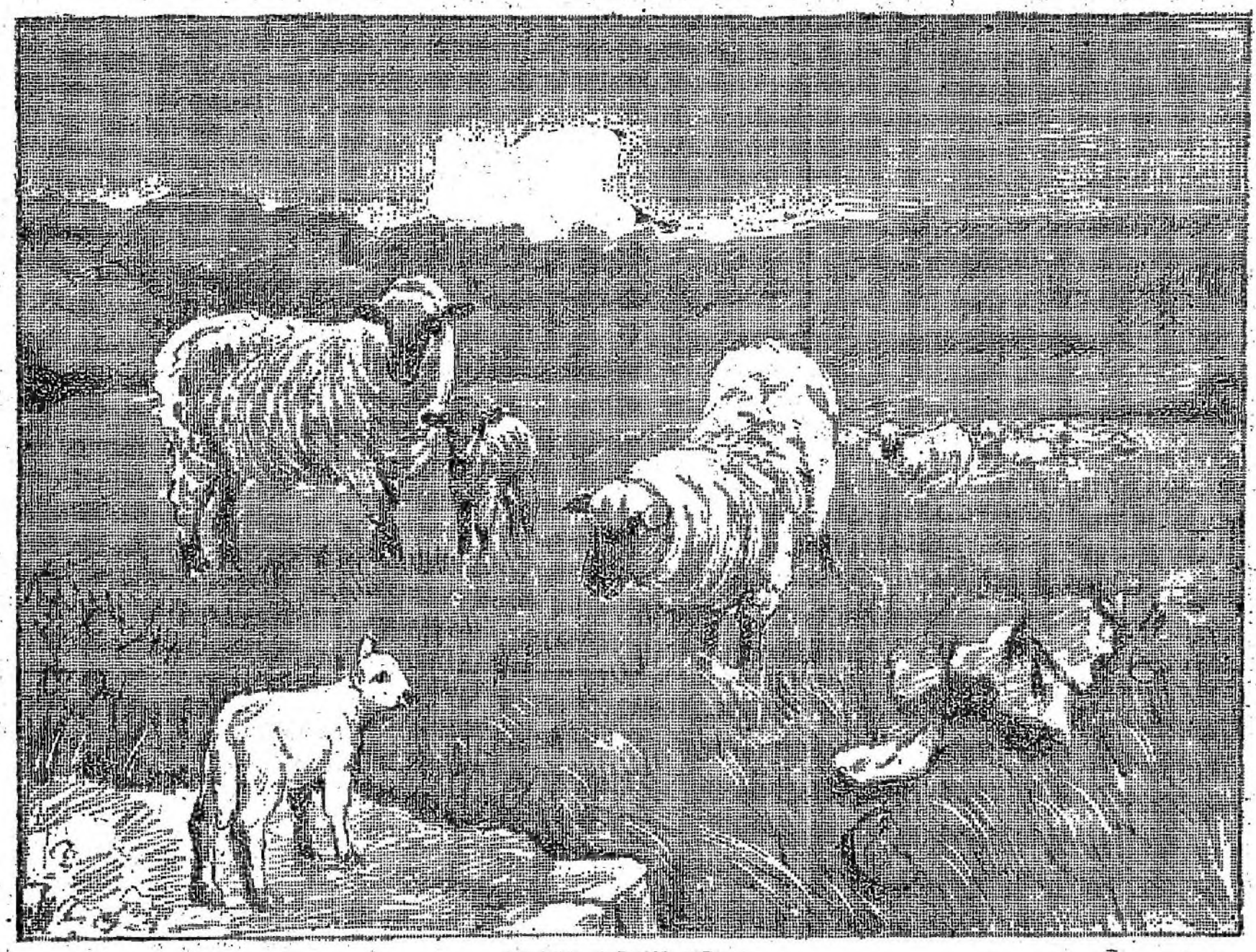
'My mother knows!' said Darky, wisely. It was quite enough for him that his mother knew.

'Oh, but I'd like to see for myself,' insisted Snowy. 'And why shouldn't I?'

'Because I wouldn't, if I were you,' advised Darky.

'Don't stray away, my child,' cautioned mother, who was lying down, for the sun had left off playing bo-peep, and was shining with all his might, so there was no fear of rain.

Snowy said nothing. Perhaps he did not hear; perhaps he did not heed. What a fine, smooth place for a game, if we could get across, he thought. But there was the brook to cross, and Snowy had no acquaintance with water; he drew his foot back quickly when it touched the cold, shining mystery. Then, he set forth to stagger along the bank by himself, for Darky had timidly sheered up alongside of his mother.



ON THE WRONG SIDE.

'Silly frightened thing!' scornfully said the adventurer, feeling quite a man of the world as he glanced back once at the peaceful group. On and on he staggered until, to his surprise, he suddenly lost the brook. It had gone out of sight under the meadow-grass; so Snowy had plenty of room, now, to skip and tumble and pick himself up again. Oh, what fun it was, to be sure! How tame it must be for Darky over yonder between the sedate old folk. At last, for he was only a day old, Snowy grew tired and hungry; his unmanageable legs

bent again and again with sheer weariness.

'I want to go home!' he suddenly said. He wanted his soft, warm, woolly mother all at once and badly. That is how all wanderers feel; they want to get home, when they have had quite enough of freedom's delights. Then, in the still, clear air, there came a sound from far-away which made Snowy hurriedly stagger upon his feet. It was his mother's voice. She had discovered that her lamb was missing, and she was calling, calling for him.

'Ma-a!' feebly shouted Snowy in answer, and he stumbled along on his return. But the way back from wrong-doing is different from the way forward; it is twice as long, twice as difficult. How many times the weak little wayfarer fell one could not count, but he still struggled on. At length he could see mother, and Darky too, pressing close to his mother, wise little lamb. At this sight, Snowy broke into a frantic trot. Oh, the joy to meet mother again. But—but the joy sank into consternation, for Snowy found himself on the wrong side of the little brook, which separated him from mother and from Darky. He had come back on the opposite side of the stream—the wrong side. He was stranded on the tiny wall, and there he stood bleating disconsolately. Her child was cut off, to the wild distress of his mother, and she lifted her voice in mournful lamentations, in which Darky and his mother vociferously joined, with neighbourly sympathy.

To be parted was distracting. Bitterly did the frightened Snowy regret his folly in neglecting his mother's caution and his wise little friend's advice.

He would be left to die, he supposed, on that dreadful wall which, in his day-old eyes, was mountain-high, while the tiny watercourse looked a river, for, when we are small and weak and young, all things as well as all joys and sorrows are magnified beyond their actual size.

As for the mother sheep, she was at her wits' end, not that sheep possess much wit to speak of. But any mother bereft of her child becomes desperate. Bleating dolorously she would have ventured to cross the streamlet, but how to climb the little wall was altogether beyond her ken.

As far as the eye could reach over the downs nothing living, but sheep, was in sight—no help was nigh. Matters were serious, indeed. The cries of the separated mother and child grew shriller, more heart-rending, those of Snowy saying plainly enough, 'I am sorry, sorry for my naughty disobedience!'

It is when we say out loud that we sincerely repent us that help is certain to come. A loud, cheery whistle pierced through the sorrowful bleatings, and Snowy, turning his head, saw a short figure, with its limbs wind-milling round as it came tearing along the meadow. It was Robbie the farm-boy, who was a son of the old shepherd. Of course, Robbie saw the situation at a glance.

'Howsumever a teeny-weeny thing like you got up there, I'd like to know. But, come along!' The boy reached up, and gently gathered the trembling, long-legged lamb in his strong arms and splashed through the tiny brook with his burden to deposit the little wanderer by his enraptured mother's side.

After that, for doing kindly actions was all in the day's work with good-hearted Robbie, he trudged away whistling more loudly than ever.

As for Snowy and his mother, there never, surely, was a warmer welcome vouchsafed to a truant.

By-and-by, when the sun went down and the sheep were safely folded for the night, this little one, who was lost and was found, nestled close and warm beside his own mother, feeling inclined to tell himself, between sleeping and waking, that his naughty adventure had been but an ugly dream.

A Resolution Bag.

Every day I made ever so many good resolutions, but there it ended. 'Elsie means to do right,' my father said, 'only she forgets.' One day he showed me a little bag which he hung up by the kitchen wall. 'Every time you make a good resolution, put a pinch of sand in this bag my dear,' said he.

I went on for some time without thinking why he had told me to do this, but by degrees, when I saw how quickly the bag was getting full, I began to think of the duties which I was neglecting. From that time I grew industrious and tidy; and so may you if you take care to keep every good resolve you make. Remember grannie's heavy pin-cushion and how it was filled.—'Children's Treasury.'

Be Honest and True.

Be honest and true,
Oh, eyes that are blue!
In all that you say
And all that you do;
If evil you'd shun,
And good you'd pursue,
If friends you'd have many,
And foes you'd have few,
Be honest and true
In all that you say
And all that you do,
Oh, eyes that are blue!

Be honest and true,
Oh, eyes that are gray!
In all that you do
And all that you say
At home and abroad,
At work or at play,
As you laugh with your friend
Or run by the way.
Be honest and true,
By night and by day,
In all that you do
And all that you say,
Oh, eyes that are gray!

Be honest and true,
Oh, eyes that are brown!
On sincerity smile,
On falsity frown,
All goodness exalt,
All meanness put down,
As you muse by the fire
Or roam through the town,
Remember that honor
Is manhood's chief crown,
And wear it as yours,
Oh, eyes that are brown!

Be honest and true,
Oh, eyes of each hue!
Brown, black, gray, and blue,
In all that you do.
Oh, eyes in which mothers
Look down with delight,
That sparkle with joy,
With things good and bright!
Do never a thing
You would hide from their sight!
Stand up for the right
Like a chivalrous knight!
For the conqueror still,
When the battle is through,
Is he who has ever
Been loyal and true.
Make the victory sure,
Oh, eyes of each hue!

—'Juvenile Gems.'

Scientific Temperance Catechism.

(By Mrs. Howard Ingham, Secretary Non-Partisan W. C. T. U., Cleveland, Ohio.

LESSON IX.—ALCOHOL AND DIGESTION.

1. What have you learned of the need of food?

The body needs food to repair the waste that is constantly going on.

2. Is the food when eaten fit to do this?

Oh, no; it has to be changed very much before it can become a part of the body.

3. What is the process of change called?

It is called digestion.

4. What are the organs of digestion?

The teeth, the salivary glands and the stomach are some of them.

5. What do the teeth do in preparing the food?

They cut in into small pieces, ready for the next part of the work. Food cannot be well digested unless very well chewed.

6. What are the salivary glands?

They are little bodies that lie on each side of the mouth and under the tongue. Their work is to make a watery juice that is carried by little tubes into the mouth, to be mixed with the food as it is chewed.

7. Is this very important?

Certainly; else the food is not put into good condition for the work of the stomach.

8. What next happens?

The finely-cut, moistened food passes down into the stomach, a sack which holds three or four pints.

9. What more can you tell us about the stomach?

It has three coats; the outer one is tough to protect it from injury; the middle one during digestion constantly stretches and contracts, rolling the food about; and the inner one is full of millions of tiny pits into each one of which open little tubes pouring into the stomach a juice needed in changing the food.

10. What happens, then, when food is swallowed?

The juice begins to flow and the stomach to move to and fro, as if churning the food, which is rolled about and mixed with this gastric juice till it becomes a thick fluid like gruel.

11. Then what happens?

Part of the food is at once sucked into the blood through the blood-vessels of the stomach, and the rest passes out of the stomach into the intestines, to be mixed with some different juices from the liver and the pancreas.

12. And what then?

The juice from the liver, which is called bile, is said to dissolve the fatty part of the food, and that from the pancreas the starchy parts. And so, little by little, all the good parts of the food are so changed that they can be received into the blood.

13. And when they are taken into the blood, what happens?

They are carried all over the body to build it up.

14. Does this seem a long process?

Yes, indeed. It requires much time and lots of machinery to make our food into parts of our bodies.

15. Then what should we do to help?

We ought to be very careful to keep the machinery in order and to protect it from harm.

16. What seem to be the principal things necessary for the change of food?

Juices, of ever so many kinds; the saliva in the mouth, the gastric juice in the stomach, the bile of the liver, and other juices.

17. Of what are these juices mostly made?

They are nearly all water, with some other things added.

18. What did you learn that alcohol does to this water?

It sucks it up quickly wherever it finds it.

19. Then what effect does alcohol have upon digestion?

It hinders it very much, by greatly lessening the amount of necessary juices.

20. How much time does a healthy person need for digesting a wholesome meal?

From two to four hours.

21. How long does alcohol delay digestion?

An English physician found that a meal of beef already finely minced, but taken with ale, was undigested ten hours after.

Hints to Teachers.

In the present lesson we wish to teach the children, very simply, the process of digestion, and the one effect of alcohol in the diminution of the digestive juices. In our next we will consider the effects of alcohol upon the different organs involved in the digestive process. If possible to obtain it have a picture of the digestive organs, and teach the children to trace the course of the food from the time it is taken into the mouth till entirely digested. They will be profoundly interested in the complicated process, with its successive stages, requiring so much machinery, and will grasp the one important thought of the care needed to keep this machine, more marvellous than the finest watch or strongest engine, in good condition to do its important work.

The Late Sir Andrew Clark on Temperance.

Sir Andrew Clark said, several years ago, that alcohol is 'an enemy of the race.' Let us try and focus the facts which induced him to give it this condemnatory name. Note, in the first place, the very happy definition he gave of health as 'that state of the body in which all the functions of it go on without notice or observation, and in which existence is felt to be a pleasure, in which it is a kind of joy to see to hear, to touch, to live.' Well, he said, that state is one which 'cannot be benefited by alcohol in any degree,' but 'in nine times out of ten it is injured by alcohol.' He said further that this state of health may sometimes bear alcohol — 'without obvious injury, but be benefitted by it — never,' emphasizing the word never. Who can be surprised that, while confessing he did not speak as a total abstainer, he should have thought it his duty to express a hope that 'all the rising generation will be total abstainers'? The profound sympathy which Sir Andrew Clark felt for nervous people, 'always ailing, yet never ill,' who from habit imagine that alcohol does them good, induced him to sanction the use of 'minute doses'; but, he adds, 'I do not defend it as right.'. For he always came back to the cardinal fact—from which he saw as clearly as any one that the practice he in such cases permitted was a dangerous departure—that perfect health, 'the loveliest thing in the world,' 'will always be injured even by small doses of alcohol.'

Sir Andrew Clark found the truth of this teaching confirmed by what he observed in his hospital practice. He made a special study of his patients in the London Hospital in view of the lecture from which we have been quoting, and found that seven out of every ten owed their ill-health to alcohol—in the hospital they lay 'maimed for life by this agent.' And yet they were not what are called drunkards. He described them just as the organ of the 'trade' described the customers for whom licensed victuallers cater—as men 'who feel jolly, and comfortable, and full of jokes and fun, . . . who go into company, and are full of life.' But how different his estimate of them from that formed by their fellow-drinkers! He said, 'Under this fair and genial and jovial outside, the constitution is being sapped, and suddenly, some fine day, this hale and hearty man—whose steps seem to make the earth rebound again, and the rafters re-echo with his tread—tumbles down in a fit.'

Another temperance fact which was very clear in the teaching of Sir Andrew Clark he expressed thus: 'However pleasant alcohol is at the moment, it is not a helper of work. It is not only not a helper of work, but it is a certain hinderer of work.' And he cited in support of this teachng the experiment made by the late Dr. Parkes, of Netley — 'the most loyal, careful, faithful, and truthful of observers it was ever my good fortune to know'—who employed gangs of soldiers to do certain work which required great physical exertion, and found the non-alcoholic gang to beat the beer-drinking gang both in the amount of work performed and in the length of time the physical exertion could be sustained.

At the time this teaching was embodied in a lecture, Sir Andrew Clark was so deeply impressed by 'the terrible effects of the abuse of alcohol,' that he was almost disposed to 'give up everything, and to go forth upon a holy crusade, preaching to all men — beware of this enemy of the race.' And the subsequent years of his life did nothing to change the views he then expressed so clearly. So recently as November, 1892, he gave evidence before the Inebriety Committee, and said of excessive drinking, 'It is a crime against the family, against society, against the state—a great moral crime.' And, again, 'I can imagine no injury to the family or to the state so great as that which comes from habitual drunkards.' The nature of the enquiry to which he thus contributed the evidence of an expert did not require or permit his speaking generally on the effects of alcohol, and reiterating his old conclusion that it is 'the enemy of the race'; but anyone can see the danger of drink, and of the habit that is formed by indulgence, by noting the evidence he gave as to the difficulty of cure. He told the committee that it is 'a habit that has two dangerous incidents to it. One is the pleasure of indulging it, and the other is the strength with which the habit impresses itself upon the nervous system.' And he added, 'A physiological habit of this kind offers a strong, growing, and often successful resistance to moral influences.' On this account he was prepared to say of the excessive drinker, 'I would have his liberty sacrificed for the good of his family, and the state, and the community.' And so among the authorities which may be appealed to in support of the principles and objects of the National Temperance League, is that of the eminent physician whose voice and pen are now silent and inactive in the grave. — 'Hand and Heart'

Godliness is the devotion of the soul to God, as to a living person whose will is to be its law, whose love is to be its life. It is the habit of living before the face of God, and not the simply doing certain things.—J. B. Brown.

LESSON VI.—MAY 8.

The Marriage Feast.

Matt. xxii., 1-14. Memory verses, 2-4.

Golden Text.

'Come, for all things are now ready.'—Luke xiv., 17.

Home Readings.

M. Isa. iv., 1-13.—The great invitation.
T. Luke xiv., 15-33.—The great supper.
W. Matt. xxii., 1-14.—The marriage feast.
T. Matt. xxii., 15-33.—Answering the Sadducees.
F. Matt. xxii., 34-46.—Silencing the Pharisees.
S. Heb. ii., 1-18.—'If we neglect so great salvation.'
S. Heb. x., 26-39.—'There remaineth no more sacrifice.'

Lesson Story.

The kingdom of heaven is likened to a certain king who gave a marriage feast in honor of his son. When the supper was ready the king sent his servants to call the guests to the wedding, but they would not come. The king then sent other servants with the kindest of invitations to the guests who had been bidden. Again they refused to come, and went so far as to sneer at the invitation. They considered their money-making of more importance than the king's favor and bounty. Some were so enraged by the repeated invitation that they persecuted the messengers of the king, and even killed them!

When the king heard of this outrage he was very angry, and he sent forth his armies, and destroyed those murderers, and burned up their city. Then the king said to his servants, 'The wedding is ready but they which were bidden were not worthy. Go ye therefore into the highways and as many as ye shall find, bid to the marriage.'

So those servants went out into highways where they found every class of people, poor, rich and tramps, beggars, and royalty, old and young, good and bad; all alike, regardless of rank and nationality, were invited freely to the marriage feast of the king's son. Each guest was offered a beautiful wedding garment, so that all might be alike fit for the king's presence, and all went joyfully into the banquet hall.

The king came into the hall in all his majesty and splendor to greet his guests. One man of all the joyful throng was silent, he had rejected the offered wedding garment, he was not fit to appear before the king. He had considered his own clothes good enough for the feast — it was all very well for those beggars to put on the king's garment, they needed it to hide their rags. If the king said anything to him he felt that he could easily argue out the point that his own clothes did very well, he looked better than a lot of other people that he knew. He is the one discordant note in the harmony of praise and joy. Instantly the king's eye singles him out, 'Friend,' he asks, 'how camest thou in hither not having a wedding garment?'

In the blazing light of the king's glory he looks down at his own garment, once so beautiful in his eyes. He is struck dumb with shame, his garment appears in this light to be nothing but filthy rags, while the wedding garments of the others take on a new brilliancy of lustre from the glory of the king.

All his fine philosophies and arguments have failed him now, it is too late to plead for mercy, he has carelessly braved the king's displeasure, and knows that he deserves the severest punishment. He is speechless with terror and shame, as the king turns to his servants with the command, 'Bind him hand and foot, and take him away, and cast him into outer darkness; there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth.'

'For many are called but few are chosen.' God is the King who has prepared a marriage supper for his Son, our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. To his own chosen people, the Jews, he sent the first two invitations. These refused, and sneered at the invitation, and slew the messengers. God then commanded his servants to give the gospel message to all sorts of people in every part of the world.

The wedding garment is 'the garment of salvation,' (Isa. lxi., 10), the righteousness of God, (Rom. iii., 20-23) for 'All our righteousnesses are as filthy rags,' (Isa. lxiv. 6). The outer darkness is the eternal punishment of the wicked and those who neglect God

Lesson Hymn.

Jesus, thy blood and righteousness,
Thy beauty are, my glorious dress;
Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed;
With joy shall I lift up my head.

When from the dust of earth I rise,
To take my mansion in the skies;
E'en then shall this be all my plea—
Jesus hath lived and died for me.

Bold shall I stand in that great day,
For who aught to my charge can lay,
While, through thy blood, absolved I am,
From sin's tremendous curse and shame.

This spotless robe the same appears,
When ruined nature sinks in years;
No age can change its glorious hue;
The robe of Christ is ever new.

—Zinzendorf.

Lesson Hints.

It is still the custom in Oriental countries when great men make a feast, to send first an invitation to the guests, and later to send the servants to say that the supper is ready. The preparation for these feasts are on the most magnificent scale, whole oxen and sheep and calves being roasted. It is considered a great insult to refuse an invitation to one of these great feasts.

'They made light'—there are many to-day who make light of the gospel invitation. Each time they have heard it and given no heed, they have insulted God's loving kindness in the same way as those who sneeringly refused the king's repeated invitations.

'Went their ways' — they had what they considered very good excuses. they had to attend to their business and make money. But no excuses will serve instead of obedience, those who wish it are excused from the marriage supper of the Lamb, but their neglect banishes them eternally from the presence of God and their end is darkness. (Heb. x., 6-31.).

'Those servants went out into the highways'—we Christians are those servants who should be going out into the highways; out into the corners of the earth, to gather in guests to the King's wedding feast. Are you gathering in those in your classes?

'A man' — who thought himself 'good enough' for heaven. There is many a man who prides himself on being 'good enough.' He measures himself by his neighbors, because they have faults which he has not he thinks himself nearly perfect. 'Why should I be a Christian?' he asks, I am sure I am better than a good many Christians that I know.' A weed may grow higher in a month than a young oak tree, but at the end of the summer the weed withers and dries up and dies, while the young oak keeps on growing year after year until it is one of the greatest trees of the forest. And beside the great oak tree the little weeds stand in insignificant silence—there is no comparison of measure now. To those who measure by their own standard instead of God's, Christ gives the counsel in Rev. iii., 17-18.

'How camest thou'—everyone has some sort of a desire to enter heaven, but those who have not trusted in Christ for salvation would not be happy if they did get there.

The Rev. F. B. Meyer tells the story of a tramp whom he once invited to take dinner with him. The tramp accepted, probably thinking it a fine thing to be invited to a gentleman's house to dine. He had not however been in the house three minutes before he began to wish himself out again. He was not accustomed to the ways of polite society—he had no idea how to use his knife and fork, even, and instead of enjoying himself he was miserable! Dear friend, the marriage supper of the Lamb draws nigh, (Rev. xix., 7.), are you preparing for it? You can not enjoy yourself there if you are not well acquainted with Jesus and accustomed to being with him and doing his ways. The only garments worn there will be the robe of his righteousness. Are you ready?

Primary Lesson.

Why was the man cast out of the wedding feast? He had obeyed the invitation to come, he had not made fun of it, nor helped to kill the King's messengers, as some of the other invited guests had wickedly done. He probably thought himself very good and fit to enjoy the feast. But the minute the King came in he noticed that man. What was wrong?

He had no wedding garment on. He could not have been happy if he had stayed there. He was like a man who tried to get to heaven by doing good deeds, instead of by trusting in Jesus' righteousness and obeying him. Good deeds will make us a dress that may look very nice to ourselves and to our neighbors, but when we get to heaven we would find it was only filthy rags, compared to the other people's garments.

The righteousness of Christ is like a pure and spotless white robe, as shining bright as the sun. If we honestly love him and obey him here, our Saviour will give us this robe in which to enter heaven.

Do not put off giving your heart's love to Jesus, and asking him to wash you in his own heart's blood and make you ready for heaven. You can not save yourself, you cannot make yourself ready. For some of you this may be the last invitation. 'Behold, now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation.'

Suggested Hymns.

'The gospel bells are ringing,' 'Whosoever will may come,' 'Come unto me,' 'Come to the Saviour,' 'Jesus, the water of life will give,' 'Are you ready for the Bridegroom?' 'What can wash away my stain?' 'Majestic sweetness sits enthroned,' 'Shall you? Shall I?'

Practical Points.

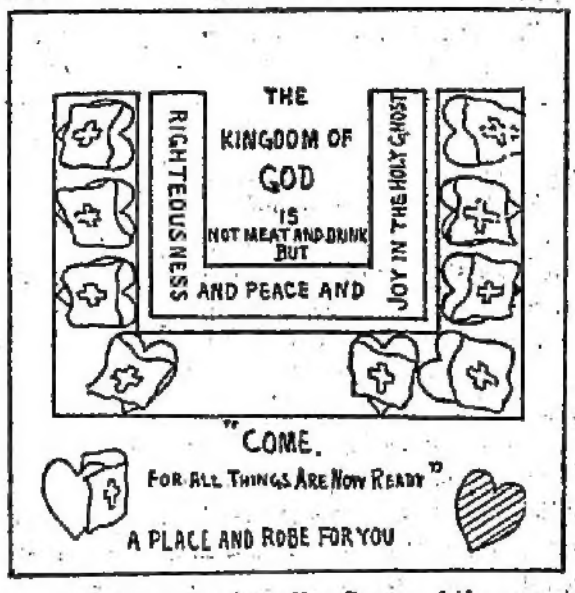
A. H. CAMERON.

May 8. — Matt. xxii., 1-14.

'All that joy would win, must share it, happiness was born a twin.' verses 1, 2. Verse three is an old, old story, told often before. Compare Prov i., 24: and Hosea viii., 12. How long-suffering is the King of heaven. Verse 4. The indifference of verse five, and the malice of verse six, were speedily punished by the King. Verse 7. All are invited to the gospel feast. The King has drawn no color-line, and requires no literary or moral qualification. Verses 8-10. Since the wedding garments were provided for each guest at the King's expense, it was a gross insult not to wear them. In like manner we are acceptable to God only if we are arrayed in the robe of Jesus' righteousness. Verses 11-13. He who finally refuses to let the True Light scatter his inner darkness will be cast into that outer darkness which is eternal separation from God. Verse 14.

The Lesson Illustrated.

Here our illustration presents one of the three-sided tables in use in Christ's time, with the couches upon which the guests lay. Here the table, representing the kingdom of God, is spread with righteousness, peace and joy, for all hungry hearts. The invitation



is a pressing one for all. Some of the guests have arrived, and are lying down at the table clothed in the wedding garment of holiness, stamped with the cross of the Saviour-host. One guest is receiving the necessary robe. One is departing because he would not receive the robe, and could not come and enjoy the blessed feast while still keeping the garment of sin and selfishness.

Christian Endeavor Topic.

May 8.—Things my denomination has accomplished.—Eph. v., 25-27: Ps. lxxxvii., 1-7.

HOUSEHOLD.

Fishers of Men.

(Henrietta S. Engstrom, in 'Gleaners' Union.').

'Come after me,' the Saviour said,
As he stood by the Lake of Galilee,
'Fear not, but rise and follow me,
And fishers of men ye shall henceforth be.'

Such was the loving Master's word,
And straightway his servants obeyed the call,
Leaving their old life far behind,
They arose and followed him once for all.

'Fishers of men,' they henceforth were,
The word of his promise was soon fulfilled;
The old and young, the rich, the poor,
Were caught in the nets as the Master willed.

Following bravely where he led,
They labored unweariedly night and day:
Sometimes rejoicing, sometimes sad;
Through cloud and through sunshine they held their way.

At last they saw their risen Lord,
As he stood once more by Galilee's Sea,
And heard him say in accents sweet—
'Bring now of the fish ye have caught to me.'

Surely 'twas worth long years of toil,
And the ceaseless strife of a lifetime past,
To hear those words from Christ their King,
And know that he honored their work at last:

But hark! the Lord is calling still—
'Go, labor for me on the world's wide sea,
Spread out your sails, let down your nets,
And fishers of men ye shall henceforth be.'

Brother! he speaks to you and me!
The message is given to one and all;
Some there may be, whom we can reach,
Who might never else hear the gospel call.

Safe ourselves in the ark of God—
Shall we suffer the lost to drift away,
Or stand aside in selfish ease,
While sinners are perishing day by day?

Is this the spirit Christ would see
In those he has rescued from sin and death
Surely the lives he ransomed thus
Should be spent for him to their latest breath.

Master! fain would we work for thee,
Doing thy bidding by sea and by land;
We look to thee to guide our course,
And we let down our nets at thy command.

Teach us to 'lie in wait' for souls,
To ponder the word that each sinner needs,
Or where we cannot win by words,
To conquer by prayer and by loving deeds.

And though for weary nights and days,
We may seem to have toiled without reward;
Yet well we know that work for thee,
Can never be 'labor in vain,' dear Lord.

One day, we too, shall see thee stand,
On the heav'nly shore, by the crystal sea,
And hear thee say in accents sweet,
'Bring now of the fish ye have caught to me.'

Oh, joy above all other joys,
What rapture of bliss it will surely be
To hear those words from Christ our King,
When he says them, brother, to you and me.

Those Three Meals a Day.

(By Juliet Corson.)

Philosophize as we will, we must eat in summer as well as in winter. The question is: 'What can we eat with the least expense of time and labor—the least exertion?'

Canned goods are an invaluable resource in emergencies, but they fail to replace fresh food in flavor or nutrition. Still, the housekeeper who cannot count upon an unfailing supply of the latter, should never allow her shelf of canned meats and vegetables to be empty. There are certain ways of serving canned goods which make up for their lack of flavor, and restore to them the nourishment lost in preserving them. It is not the purpose of this article to give the details of cookery, only to suggest methods of service which shall lighten the labor during the extreme heat of summer; but one point is so important in the use of canned goods that it well deserves mention. It is this: the vegetables which are put up in salted water, such as the various kinds of green peas, string and lima beans, asparagus, etc., should be drained and rinsed before they are heated, a fresh sauce being made for them, or salt, pepper and butter added to them.

The various oily fishes, like salmon and sardines, should be removed from the can directly it is opened, because the atmosphere, acting upon the oil in contact with the tin, forms an absolutely poisonous combination. This fact explains the sudden attacks of illness which sometimes follow the eating of canned salmon. Every housewife should make a note of this, because canned salmon can be so variously used as a white soup after being reduced to a pulp; heated with white sauce or drawn butter as a fish dish; served cold in small pieces, with lettuce and mayonnaise, or combined with fresh tomatoes, cucumbers or celery, and Spanish onions sliced, with the addition of a plain salad dressing. Sardines can be used as relishes with a little lemon-juice; made into a salad with lettuce, celery, sliced tomatoes or Spanish onion, and a plain French salad dressing; breaded or dipped in batter and fried, as an entree; made into sandwiches, or served on slices of bread, buttered and browned in the oven; served cold, with sliced cucumbers and hot boiled potatoes, as a fish course; or, as a noonday luncheon, served cold with lemon and hot baked potatoes.

When canned foods are broken in serving, or when part of a can remains, or any portions of cold cooked meat, fish, poultry or vegetables, they can be used in a white or cream soup. Have a vegetable salad every day for dinner, and radishes, water-cress, cucumbers, lettuce, or some such green vegetable for luncheon or supper, with cheese, bread and butter, and some hot drink. Do not forget that fruit is food, and most indispensable to health, especially the various acid berries, grapes and apples.

Drink cool water and eat cracked ice, but do not drink copiously of iced water; any acid fruit-juice, in water, will relieve intense thirst. Cool the blood, when it is heated, by letting water run upon the wrists and head rather than by drinking iced water.

In short, the secret of avoiding exhaustion by accomplishing the necessary household tasks in hot weather, is to use such foods as can be cooked with little heat; to utilize the fire built for making coffee, to cook a bannock or omelet, or to boil some hominy or potatoes, to use cold, or fry quickly for another meal; to make a hot fire only once or twice a week, and then to bake pies, cakes, bread, etc.; to roast or boil a joint of meat, a ham or tongue, or some poultry, which can be used cold during the rest of the time when only the hot drink is prepared. Above all, do the hardest of the daily work in the coolest hours, and take care to bathe and rest often enough to avoid extreme prostration from heat and fatigue.

Face to Face.

'Make Christ your most constant companion.' Be more under his influence than under any other influence. Ten minutes spent in his society every day, aye, two minutes if it be face to face and heart to heart, will make the whole day different. Every character has an inward spring, let Christ be it. Every action has a keynote, let Christ set it. Yesterday you got a certain letter. You sat down and wrote a reply which almost scorched the paper. You picked the cruelest adjectives you knew and sent it forth, without a pang, to do its ruthless work. You did that because your life was set in the wrong key. You began the day with the mirror placed at the wrong angle. To-morrow, at daybreak, turn it toward him, and even to your enemy the fashion of your countenance will be changed. Whatever you then do, one thing you will find you could not do—you could not write that letter. Your first impulse may be the same, your judgment may be unchanged, but if you try it the ink will dry on your pen, and you will rise from your desk an unavenged, but greater and more Christian, man.—Henry Drummond.

Selected Recipes.

Beef Croquettes.—This is a good housekeeping recipe. Cut a pound and a half of lean cooked beef into very small dice; place in a stewpan a heaping teaspoonful of finely chopped onions; with a piece of butter the size of a walnut; stir over the fire until the onions become slightly browned, then stir in half a tablespoonful of flour, with which mix by degrees a half-pint of broth or water, adding a few drops of browning. Let it boil for five minutes stirring constantly, then throw in the beef; season rather highly with pepper and salt, and pour into a deep dish to cool. Beat two eggs on a plate, and in a shallow dish have a quantity of bread crumbs. Divide the cooked beef into as many pieces as are required and roll them into spheres or shape them in any other form preferred. Roll these in the crumbs till quite covered, then roll them in the egg, and then in the crumbs again. Take them out gently, patting the surface lightly with the flat of a knife, and place them in very hot lard or butter to fry to a golden brown, being careful not to break them. When done, drain them on a cloth, and serve either on a napkin or a bed of fried parsley.

Beet soup may be made in a similar way, omitting celery, flavoring to taste, and adding a little lemon juice and sugar.

Fried Hominy.—Cut cold boiled hominy into half-inch slices. Dip in a dressing of beaten egg and milk, one egg to two tablespoonfuls of milk, then in flour, and brown lightly in hot fat.

The New York 'Tribune's' home department furnishes the following recipes for delicacies in the pickle and spice line:

Spiced Grapes.—Take ten pounds of ripe grapes. Pop them from the skins, and cook in a preserving kettle, until the seeds can be pressed out in a colander. In the meantime cook the skins in a very small quantity of clear water until they are tender. Put all together in the preserving kettle, and add four pounds of brown sugar, one-half pint vinegar, two tablespoonfuls of ground cinnamon, one tablespoonful ground cloves, and cook slowly until quite thick—probably it will take over an hour, and will need constant watching to prevent burning. This will keep any length of time, and can be sealed or not. Try these spiced grapes in place of current jelly with roast mutton.

Tomato Catsup.—It is quite possible to make into catsup a few cans of tomatoes, sifting and cooking and seasoning them to taste, the same as if fresh; or, to open a few cans of peaches or pears; season with whole cloves and stick cinnamon; put into some vinegar, boiling hot. Leave the fruit there until thoroughly heated, then place in jars and pour the spiced vinegar over it. In a few days it will be very good.

One may spice some cranberries to be eaten with the roast turkey or chicken, as follows: To five pounds of cranberries add four pounds of light brown sugar, one-half pint of vinegar, two teaspoonfuls of cloves, one teaspoonful of cinnamon. Boil one hour.

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